

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## We Are the Makers of a World

*He has been sleeping on hard boards. Frequently he goes at night to St Peter's to pray there alone.*

It is a little picture of the Pope. Perhaps you were one of the millions of people who missed it among the news of the whirling events of earth and sea and sky. So we may lose sight of a precious jewel in the turmoil of our age.

If I were Frank Salisbury, with his marvellous power of painting pomp and splendour, I should paint two pictures of this age in which one world is passing away and a new world is being born.

One picture would show St Peter's in all its glory—the grandeur almost inconceivable, with the dream of Michael Angelo in it, the masterly hand of Bramante, with dome after dome coming into view, with the golden arches, the mosaics and frescoes (one of them representing ninety years of human labour), the vastness in which we lose the world of sense and live as in a vision. The picture would show this wondrous place (set in the unparalleled glory of the Vatican) filled with the dazzling splendour of the centuries—the kings of the earth, the principalities and powers, the sceptred lords with the keys of earth, the glittering prelates with the keys of heaven. Was ever such a spectacle of the majesty of man?

The other picture would show St Peter's wrapped in the shadow of night, with a man kneeling alone, the sorrow of the ages in his face.

### Simplicity

THOSE of us who have not the artist's power can only think of the pathos of this picture of the Pope, and pray that its significance may not be lost in these bewildering days. For there is in it, surely, something the historian will seize upon when he looks back and tells the Future what is happening now. It is not a small thing that the Pope should sleep on hard boards, and that he should go alone at night to pray in the vastness of St Peter's. It is the sublime witness of the renunciation of the grandeur of this world and the return to that simplicity which alone can save mankind.

We have lived into an age of glory beyond words, of power illimitable, of wealth incalculable. We have lived to see our Island the wonder of mankind, our Race spread over every continent, our Empire the envy of all lands. We have walked the earth as if we were its masters. We have held the sceptre none could contradict. We have felt ourselves secure in an everlasting world.

### A Nation's Greatness

BUT we have forgotten something and neglected much. It is easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than to enter the kingdom of heaven. It may seem a hard saying, but its meaning is plain. As we grow rich, as we surround ourselves with power and luxury, it is easy to forget the true and vital things, easy to imagine that strength and happiness consists in the abundance of possessions, easy to lose the joy of life that belongs to its simplicity.

We build our palaces and ride in chariots, but it is not in these that we find peace. It is not on his proud possessions that a man looks back at the end of his life. It is not in its pomp and power that a nation's greatness lies. The visible glories of France have not saved her; she lies

in the dust, and not all her wealth, not all the glory of Versailles, the grandeur of the Tuileries, the spacious dignity of the Champs-Élysées, the countless treasures of the Louvre, are worth to her as much as the name of a peasant maid. Her temples of art are dead, her corridors of beauty are haunted by ghosts, her splendid chateaux and palaces mock her betrayers as they stalk about like ugly shadows.

But one thing amid all the glory of France is alive—the spirit of the poor deluded common folk whose liberty a traitor has struck dead. That will not perish. It will live again and infuse new life and new dreams into France, new glory into her palaces, new vision into her salons, new faith into her shrines. It is not to be denied that the spirit of Joan is worth more to France today than all its arsenals and forts.

So it is that in the testing-hours of life the things we need are the things that belong to us all, that no enemy can take away. When we say that it is the spirit of our people that matters everything, we are saying what is plainly true. If that should fail no wealth in our banks, no strength in our forts, no guns or fleets, no Parliament, no Throne, can save us.

And the spirit of our people, the ultimate salvation of the Island and the world in these dark



The Kingdom of Heaven is Within  
You—or, Happiness is Possible  
Without Great Possessions

From the painting, Supper Time, by Albert Lynch

## I SAW THE MORNING BREAK

YE that have faith to look with fearless eyes

Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And know that out of death and night shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,  
That God has given you the priceless dower  
To live in these great times and have your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour,

That ye may tell your sons who see the light,  
High in the heavens, their heritage to take:  
*I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;*

*I saw the morning break.* Found in a Soldier's pocket

days, what is it? It is the faith that is in you, in me, in every man and woman and child among us. It is our belief in ourselves and in our destiny that in the long run will bring down the powers of evil. It is our faith that we are part of some sublime event to which the whole Creation moves that will sustain us and give us courage to endure. We are no German slaves born to feed a Nazi Juggernaut, no cogs in the wheel of a destroying machine to trample down free lands and crush humanity. We are the children of the Living God who rules eternally in the heavens. We are born to play our part in the great plan by which our lives make up the perfect whole. The acts of our lives, the habits we build up, the character we contribute to our time, are our share in weaving the Future, our part in the creation of something greater than we know.

### It is Something

It is this belief in ourselves that makes us what we are; if we have not got it we are dead and useless things. If we have it we are God's instruments today for overcoming evil by the work of our hands or the force of our example.

Never in the history of the world was the ordinary life of a man or a woman or a child of such solemn account in the life of the world. If we are dispirited, weak, selfish, a burden to others, taking more than our share and giving less, we are fighting against God and are traitors to our country. If we are generous, ardent, patient, believing, refusing to despair, confident in right, upholding truth and loving justice more than all, we are fighting for God's kingdom and the Island in which He has set us.

If we are thinking of our own possessions, of the savings we are losing, of the big house that must go, of the car we shall not be able to afford again, of the luxuries the war is taking from us, of the pride that will have a fall, we are a long way from understanding the truth about ourselves. We have yet to learn the great, great glory of the sacrifice that awaits us, of the privilege of sharing in the building up of a happier, saner, safer world.

It is something to throw our luxuries into the furnace that is melting down hard things and ancient prejudices and shaping a nobler life for our children. It is something to be able to turn the money we have saved into a life that is better than gold. It is something to be soldiers of freedom, pillars of human happiness, hewers of wood and drawers of water for the glory of the world that is coming. It is something to be able to stand in the way of the destroyer of mankind, to be on the side of the defenders of the human race against the evil things that destroy it. It is something to have cemented with a little sacrifice, a little economy, a little patience, a little labour, the foundation-stones of a world in which none shall be oppressed and none shall be afraid.

### Something in Us Must Die

FOR such things what will we not give? For such a glory who would not gladly live? If we have been rich and must be poor, what a proud offering it is that we have laid on the altar of freedom! If we have been poor, how rich

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# The Old Man of Galway Harbour

A poor old man, an American born in Scotland, was longing to return to the United States on one of the liners recently sent over to repatriate American citizens from European ports. But the lowest fare was £50, and he had not so much money.

The American Consul at Galway knew the old man and wanted to help him. He tried to have him enrolled as ship's crew, but it was not possible. For days the Consul never went out for lunch or tea without seeing the old man sitting quietly waiting on a bench in the station, and he always greeted him, though he could offer him no hope.

The great ship lay at anchor in the shallow harbour. Galway was swarming with prospective passengers. Tomorrow they would begin going on board, but the

patient old man would be left behind, for where could he find the necessary £50?

That evening the Consul received a telephone message. A sum of money had been allotted by the United States Government to help needy citizens. Were there any in Galway who were prevented from sailing by lack of funds? If there were, the Consul was to use his discretion about offering aid.

The Consul's golden-haired secretary fairly ran to the station platform to find the old man, and told him he could go.

"I knew it!" he said, "for did I not sit there three days, praying for a miracle?"

We can well believe that the joy of the Consul was almost greater than that of the old man setting out to begin life over again in the New World.

# Aliens in a Friendly Land

It was with feelings of deep relief that the British people read the recent statement by the Home Secretary on the treatment of aliens in this country.

Sir John Anderson, we are glad to say, frankly admitted that many foreigners who had fled from Nazi terror to our hospitable shores had been interned when the actions of the Fifth Column in other countries made us wary of treachery here. Acting under a sense of extreme urgency, our Government had interned hundreds of friendly aliens.

Some had been interned who should have been exempted on grounds of health and infirmity; while many were interned who can actually render us service of special value.

The Home Secretary announced that he had arranged that mistakes of this kind should not occur in future, and that all who had been wrongly interned were to be released.

Sir John Anderson also undertook to enlarge the classes eligible for exemption, appointing an Advisory Committee to help him in this task. Serving on this Committee will be Sir Herbert Emerson, the League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, and Sir Neill Malcolm, his predecessor in that office, so all genuine refugees now in this country may take heart.

Another considerate measure is that the Home Office is now responsible for the management of the camps and buildings in which aliens are interned, the War Office (which carried out its difficult task efficiently and mercifully) being now responsible only for supplying camps and guarding them. To aid the Home Office an Advisory Council attached to the Refugee Department of the Foreign Office will advise about the welfare of those who must remain interned, and solve the difficult problem of finding occupations for them.

Hundreds of those interned will, we are sure, be glad that they are in camps in a free country like ours, and not in German concentration camps, and will be glad to help the country which is fighting to abolish internment camps altogether throughout Europe.

It is not surprising that in the general and hasty committal of aliens our authorities have erred and been too suspicious, but Sir John Anderson has been quick to make amends to all proved friends of freedom, and has done his best for them at a time when vital questions of defence might have given him ample excuse for delay. It is a relief to all people of goodwill that our necessary precautions are being carried out with a deep sense of justice and a great desire to be merciful.

# Trapped in the Tar Pits

BUSINESS men in Los Angeles may soon be spending their lunch hours looking at the city's oldest inhabitants.

They are prehistoric monsters that rumbled across the earth hundreds of centuries ago and met a sticky end in the La Brea tar pits. These pits cover 25 acres in a busy part of the city, and are now being made into a park.

It is planned to reproduce conditions as they existed in Pleistocene times, and to introduce most of the shrubs and trees which grew there when these animals were trapped in the tar. Most of these plants are now extinct in this region, but

they still flourish in the higher mountain areas and in the coastal regions of northern California.

The surface of one of the most important of these pits, which have already yielded some of the most valuable prehistoric animal bones known to natural science, is being cleaned to expose the upper layer of bones, and a small museum is being built over it so that the public will be able to see both the pit and the fossil bones as they originally sank into the tarry ooze. Visitors will have the weird feeling of being transported back into the age of the mastodons, ground sloths, and sabre-toothed tigers.

# Do You Want to Buy Any Eggs?

WE hear, rather late, of a young doctor who was on a trawler, a Norway fiord during the evacuation.

The position was very dangerous with bombs churning up the sea all round them, but a tiny row-boat put out from shore with two

lads who waved to the trawler as if for help. With great difficulty the trawler put about and went towards them, and on its reaching the boys one of them held up a basket and shouted to our friend, the doctor:

"You want to buy any eggs?"

# Little News Reels

Italy now has meat only at the weekends; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are meatless days.

Somebody unknown who has kept a Jubilee gold sovereign for 53 years has sent it to be spent on Liverpool Cathedral.

In the Suffolk hamlet of Hargrave, with a population of 260, every fit man is engaged in National Service.

The Secretary for Mines hopes to have a reserve stock of 20,000,000 tons of coal distributed about the country before the winter.

Thirty shillings saved by a housewife at Stamford has been sent to help to pay for a plane.

The London Hospital has sold the works of its clock, set up in 1757.

At a Dig-For-Victory lunch most of the food was from the gardens of the Zoo.

A British barter agreement with the United States secures an exchange of raisins and prunes for tin.

The Boys Brigade of Newcastle has established a permanent farm camp at Hexham, and relays of boys are working there for a week at a time during the summer.

A Yorkshire grandmother, making a rug from waste material, sold it and sent £1 13s 6d to the Lifeboat Institution.

A Tunbridge Wells grocer, starting a scrap-metal dump, received four tons in one morning.

The Huddersfield postmark is the only clue to the donor of a packet of ten £5 notes received at St Dunstan's with the note, "To help your blinded men."

The B B C has lost touch with many schools taking its Broadcasts, and as a new term begins on September 9 schools are asked to register with the Central or Scottish Council for School Broadcasting.

# Guide and Scout News Reels

Guides and Scouts camping or hiking in moorland or mountainous districts are urged to collect sphagnum moss, which can be used as a dressing for wounds.

One hundred and fifty-five French boys are now guests of the Boy Scouts Association at a national camp site in North Wales; the boys arrived in this country in groups after many startling adventures.

An old Scout in the R A F writes to his Scoutmaster to say that 80 per cent of his squadron are old Scouts.

At a religious festival at Kag, in India, 200 Jodhpur Scouts manned First Aid Posts for 12 hours; they also established a crèche for lost children, water booths, and efficient traffic control.

A bedridden Extension Ranger and her younger sister rendered First Aid to their mother, who was wounded in a recent air raid; they were able to stop serious bleeding.

Spen Valley Guides have made £21 for comforts for the crew of a minesweeper they have adopted.

# THINGS SEEN

In a tobacconist's shop. Try this Mixture: £2538 16s 8d a ton, or 1s 5½d an ounce!

A duckling with four legs walking about a farm at Haxby, near York.

A Cheshire sweep, burdened with his brushes, doffing his cap as a funeral passed by.

# NEWS DICTIONARY OF THE Foundation Stones of Liberty

It was remarkably interesting to hear Mr Roosevelt, broadcasting his consent to stand for a third term, declaring that Americans must live under the liberties which were first heralded by Magna Carta and brought into operation by the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

What are these four foundation stones of Liberty?

## 1215—Magna Carta.

Exacted from the despotic King John at Runnymede by Stephen Langton and the Barons, this charter required king and barons alike to observe the ancient laws and customs, and not to change them without common consent; and it asserted the right of resistance in arms to any such attempt to override or change them. No man was to be punished without fair trial, such punishment being proportionate to the offence, and justice was not to be denied, delayed, or sold to any man. The Great Council of the Realm must be summoned to sanction any new demands of the Crown upon the people, and it is this clause that became the foundation of the theory No Taxation Without Representation which has meant so much in both British and American history.

## 1689—Bill of Rights.

This placed on our Statute Book the Declaration of Rights, or those terms on which William and Mary were offered the throne from which the last Stuart king, James the Second, had run away. Without introducing any new principles this Act affirmed existing law, for which Parliament had been struggling against the Crown for fully sixty years.

The main clauses declare that it is illegal for the king to suspend or dispense with laws, to create special courts, to levy money without consent of Parliament, or to maintain an army in time of peace; that a subject has the right to petition the king; that the election of members of Parliament should be free, and that they should be free to speak in Parliament; that persons accused of offences need not pay excessive bail, or fines, or be subjected to cruel or unusual punishments; that juries should be impartially selected; and that parliaments should be held frequently for the redress of grievances.

## 1776—Declaration of Independence.

Adopted on July 4 by a Congress of the 13 original United States, this repudiated allegiance to the British Crown and declared the States independent. In detail this famous manifesto declared that all men are created equal and that Governments are instituted among men (deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed) to secure certain unalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. The Declaration went on to indict George the Third for having established an absolute tyranny over these Colonies and to refer to the illegal acts of the king—most of which, indeed, were infractions of the Bill of Rights.

**1787—Constitution of the United States.** This was primarily drawn up to bind together as a Federation under just provisions the 13 States which had won their independence. Its preamble sums up that purpose in these magnificent words:

*We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice; insure domestic Tranquillity; provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution.*

In the ensuing Articles are set out the powers of President, Congress, and Judicature, the rights of the people to trial by jury and fair taxation. In fact, most of those wise clauses established by our own Bill of Rights are to be found in this written Constitution, which has been modified and amended as the years have passed in order to strengthen it as the embodiment of just dealing. Mr Gladstone said that this Constitution was the greatest thing ever struck off at one time by the human mind—an exaggerated description of it perhaps, yet conveying an adequate sense of its great importance.

# WE ARE THE MAKERS OF A WORLD

Continued from page 1

we are in the assurance that we are saving liberty from death and mankind from shame! In this old world that is passing, in the new world that will dawn, something must fall away from our old lives. Something in us must die.

The vainglory and the pride, the selfishness, the unfriendliness, the indifference to those whose lot is not cast in such pleasant places, the moral resentments, the social prejudices, the intellectual contempt, the thought that we are not as others, the willingness to die rich while so many live poor, the reluctance to bear our share of the burdens, the scorn for those who seek to improve their lot, the belief that some are born to toil and some to rule, the idea that wealth gives rights and that those with

power can use it as they please—all these must die in that new world which is now being shaped in the furnace of sacrifice and suffering and death.

Life will never be the same again. It must be kinder, simpler, happier for all. A few books, a little garden, many friends—it is paradise enough. If we bring to it a healthy body, a clean mind, and a pure spirit, it will do. If it is what the war brings us at the end, with liberty, who shall complain that it is not a great reward? Those to whom much has been given, of them shall much be required. They shall give themselves for freedom, and their reward shall be the consciousness that they overthrew the powers of evil and joined the immortal hosts of those who are the saviours of the world.

Arthur Mee



August 10, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

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## The Doctor's Discovery

A DOCTOR to whom thousands of children and other hospital patients have been indebted for kind and skilful treatment, and to whom richer patients paid his fees as a specialist, has just made a discovery of the sort that will not create a sensation in the medical Press.

Answering the call for waste paper for re-pulping, he has been rummaging through his library and giving all the books he could spare. Many of them, of course, were medical works, most of which he had not had need to consult since he was studying at a university 50 years ago.

### 60 YEARS FOR HIS COUNTRY

One of those useful lives which mean so much for England has been ended at Braintree in Essex, where Mr G. T. Bartram has passed away at 95.

He had been on the District Council for 60 years, a record of service which it would be difficult to beat in the whole country. Except for once, he was at the head of the poll in every election, and he had been chairman of the council 11 times. Braintree named a street after him, and his portrait is now in the town hall, having been hung first in the Royal Academy. There is also a copy of it in the town hall of the Braintree in Massachusetts.

Mr Bartram was also a magistrate, and was for 25 years an alderman of Essex County Council. It is thought that he was probably the oldest Freemason in the country.

### CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AND CAPTAIN'S WIFE

The wife of a captain in a Maori battalion now serving in England has just been elected Chief of Rarotonga, one of the Cook Islands. She is Mrs. Love, wife of Captain Love and daughter of Chief Makea-Aviki, who died last year. Her younger sister is organist for one of the churches of the London Missionary Society.

### AN ENTRANCING SPECTACLE

We take this good story from a writer who signs himself *Ludgate* in the Christian World, and is describing a visit he paid to friends in the country.

He was given a gun, and the party went out to shoot anything shootable, as these parties do.

On arriving at a hill they separated, and Ludgate, finding himself alone, awoke to the beauty of the countryside, and forgot all about the gun until a covey of partridges whirled up out of the bracken ten yards away. "Imagine a motor-cycle leaping out of a shop window, full roar!" (he says). I was as startled as if I had tumbled out of the basket of a balloon; but when I saw how they wheeled and kept together I became so entranced that I could no more shoot at them than I could have shot at a window of stained glass or a picture in the Royal Academy, so off they went."

## As in 1914, So in 1940

As in 1940, so in 1914, writes a correspondent after reading our story of the troops and the northern farmer. There can be no doubt of the warmth of the Northumberland heart, then and now.

Many Londoners who were young soldiers in 1914 will never forget the welcome they received from the villagers and townspeople of a mining district near a well-known port. The Southerners were Territorials of an artillery brigade and, complete with guns and horses, they had made a long rail journey. After detraining a few miles inland a slow progress by road was made to the coast, beginning at dusk. The journey was one long pro-

The discovery he made in these old volumes is that the leading doctors of that period knew far more than our generation has been led to believe. In these books treatment and remedies are described which were later brushed aside with impatient contempt by younger medical men.

But, having been first pooh-poohed and condemned to neglect, many of these despised methods and medicines have come back to favour, regarded today as the newest discoveries in medicine and surgery. Let us, then, like him, respect these old forgotten doctors who kept our grandparents alive and well.

## THE GOOD MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM

One more good thing goes on in spite of all, the Beit Memorial Trust.

It is one of the great South African fortunes that maintains the Trust, which provides memorial Fellowships for medical research, and we are told that ten fellowships have just been awarded, one of £700 a year, two of £500, seven of £400, all to enable clever men to carry on with their research into the cause and cure of disease.

This is the quiet work of the world that nobody hears about, but the effect of it will be seen for generations to come in the health and happiness of mankind.

## This Bird Must Go

WE have a Fifth Column behind the lines of the Island Fortress, and Sir Archibald Sinclair, our Air Minister, has marshalled a band of picked marksmen to shoot it down. It is none other than the peregrine falcon.

Our airmen down on the sea, men on ships whose wireless is silenced, men wrecked in boats, liberate pigeons with messages summoning help which is obtainable by no other means. The birds may fail to arrive and so lead to brave men's deaths. Why do the pigeons not arrive?

The contents of the nests of peregrines disclose the secret.

A few years ago scores of rings from homing pigeons were found in and about peregrine nests between Folkestone and Dover; similar identification rings from 22 pigeons were found in a Lakeland nest. In the summer of 1923 the mystery of the disappearance of homing pigeons from the industrial centres of the North was solved by the finding of the legs of over a thousand pigeons in a peregrine nest by the lighthouse of Great Ormes Head.

Alas, the case is clear, and for a time this splendid bird must be suppressed in the areas flown over by pigeons on whom the lives of men depend.

### THE COUNTRY NEAR YOUR HOME

This comes from a Norwich citizen to the Editor of the new Norfolk Book.

Your book on Norfolk in the King's England series has given me great pleasure and enabled me to see and learn of my own beloved county in most delightful detail.

It has more than compensated me for the adverse motoring conditions which have limited our mileage and compelled us to concentrate on the vicinity of Norwich. We have gone in search of the treasure that lies so close at hand, and with the aid of your book have missed nothing of note or beauty.

There is now a King's England book (Hodder and Stoughton) for most English counties. Why not read of your own county in these long evenings?

### ONE MILKSELLER TO ONE STREET

We have again and again referred to the great waste arising from the competition of many dairymen to supply one district. It is now reported that the Food Ministry is negotiating an agreement to limit the number of dairymen. The suggestion is that not more than one milk seller should serve any one street.

### OLD PETER

Well, Old Peter has gone at last. What the little Yorkshire fishing village of Staithes will do without him we can hardly imagine, but it is certain that the last of his nine lives has been lost. No cat ever passed out of this world more serenely.

He was 28. People say he was the oldest cat in England, but perhaps this is not true. Anyhow, he has been famous for years, and no visitor to Staithes ever thought his stay complete without a word of greeting for this affectionate and extremely dignified inhabitant.

### NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Cut down the stems of artichokes as the crop is gathered. Make the principal autumn sowing of cabbage.

Herbs for drying should be cut on a dry day before the flowers expand, and laid in a dry, airy, shaded place.

Gather lavender and everlasting flowers for indoor use. Stake and tie all tall-growing plants.

## St Clara of Bow Common

WE are all reading something in these long days and nights of waiting and working for the victory that will save the world; and for readers of the CN who are interested in everything that concerns humanity we warmly commend the book of an old friend, Miss Clara Grant, of Bow Common.

There she has spent nearly 40 years of one of the busiest and friendliest lives in the world, solving human problems, lifting up sad hearts, training little minds, wrapping up farthing bundles, teaching, preaching, hoping, pray-

ing, seeing dreams broken and dreams come true: what a book of life is hers!

Even when paper is short and space is precious we cannot refrain from a word to beg our readers to buy Miss Grant's half-crown book of her life and work, for it is a wonder and an inspiration into which you can dip at any time as into a bran tub and bring out something that will help you and cheer you in these days. Write to Miss Grant for "From Me to We" (2s 9d post free), Fern Street Settlement, Bromley-by-Bow, E 3.



SWEET LAVENDER

### MASTER VALIANT

The Scrap Iron Girl was at a door in Streatham and the mother called on all four children to turn out their broken toys to help to win the war. "All your soldiers with broken heads, Ronnie," she said, and Ronnie's eyes flashed as he said, "Yes! and I'll give the ones with heads too." Ronnie is four.

### YOUTH TRIUMPHANT

There was only one topic of conversation after the Scout Jamboree at Swift Current in Saskatchewan the other day. Everyone was praising Scoutmaster Ronald Quinton, who, though deaf and dumb, has organised the smartest Scout troop in the district.

Loud applause greeted their very efficient physical drill, for it was astonishing how the scoutmaster, by means of a whistle and signs, guided the 20 boys as they formed a complicated 4-storey pyramid, revolving wheels, bridges, and other gymnastic feats.

### HOME IN GOOD HEART

When a ship bringing some 300 refugees, most of them British, arrived before daybreak at a Scottish port not long ago, people hurried from their beds to provide blankets, tea, and scones.

The ship had come from Lisbon with men, women, and children who had braved their way across the Pyrenees. They were rich and poor, but on the way they were comrades, keenly helping mothers with children, amateur stewards washing up, all putting heart into one another.

We may speak of ourselves as living in a fortress, but it is a stronghold of shelter to which our people from afar come home with hearts full of thankfulness and pride.

### THREEPENNY CONCERTS

We applaud the decision of the Government to subsidise concerts which will offer three-penny seats to the public in our big towns. A beginning is to be made in Newcastle.

We hope the concerts will be strictly limited to real music, and that their promoters will not be tempted to believe it necessary to give the people rubbish.

### KEEPING DOWN THE PRICE

Very few people understand what is being done about the cost of our food. The Government's plan is to help those with small incomes by keeping down the price. This is done by heavy subsidies out of ordinary taxation.

Every week the Government subsidises bread, and flour £595,000; meat £315,000; bacon £100,000.

This costs a million a week, and that is apart from the milk scheme, which costs £7,500,000 a year.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### A TAX ON THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY

Too well we know in this country that even a wise Government may do unwise things, but we cannot believe that Mr Churchill's Government will allow the Tax on Books to go through. It is a wicked thing.

Books are the very soul of the nation, and books and papers now are vital factors in the victory of democracy. It is the suppression of the printed word that has been the chief agent in building up Nazism. This suppression was the chief agent in bringing down France. It is now suggested that we should have it here?

It may be said that the Government has no such intention, but we must judge by the effects of its actions, and it is beyond all doubt that it will check the outflow of printed matter at a time when it is most urgently needed. If we take the lowest view it will throw printers out of work, but if we take the highest view it will rob our people of a ceaseless voice of inspiration, and our cause of one of its chief pillars of support.

In any case a Tax on Knowledge is a hundred years out-of-date in this country. He who kills a good book kills reason itself, says Milton—kills the image of God, as it were.

All the world of freemen know that what we need is to learn the secret—that has made Hitler what he is, the secret of Propaganda. He has spent hundreds of millions on it; he has 30,000 propaganda cells all over the world; and he lies, lies in them morning, noon, and night. Surely we can have propaganda for the truth! Surely, while Hitler wins his victories with it, we have more sense than to tax it! As well tax munitions and Spitfires. It is a poor way of paying for the war by chilling the spirit

which keeps it going. That is what we do when we tax the printed word.

Too long have we been governed on the assumption that books are no more than buckets, just things to buy and sell. A book is what Milton called it, the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, and it carries the English spirit to the ends of the earth. Milton saw a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and, seeing it, he cried out to the Government of his day (who also were standing in the way of the printed word), Why should you suppress all this and bring a famine upon our minds again?

*We can grow ignorant again, (he said), brutal, formal, and slavish, as we once were, but give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all other liberties. Truth is strong, next to the Almighty: give her room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.*

They are immortal words; we commend them to Parliament in time to stop this evil thing.

#### Wisdom From the East

At a Conference of British Missionary Societies held in London not long ago a Chinese was faced with the necessity of translating the word "Crisis" into his own language.

We like his way out of it, for he gave us the compound word *danger-opportunity*.

This view of our troubles may well be in our minds as we brace ourselves to fight the evil thing which is seeking to strangle us.

#### To Martin Niemöller

Thy sacrifice is not in vain,  
For out of all thy grief and pain  
Will rise a sane posterity,  
More worthy of thy memory.  
E. Oxburgh

### Under the Editor's Table

SPAIN is without string.  
Hopes to be given  
plenty of rope.

IN imposing restrictions  
the Ministry of In-  
formation went too far.  
But it wanted to bring  
things home.

GERMANY will try to  
frighten us with noise.  
But we don't believe their  
reports.

GERMAN youths are made  
to fly. We should  
want to if we lived in  
Germany.

Peter Puck  
Wants to Know



If Parliament  
stands up for  
our rights when  
it is sitting

CHEESE is more nourish-  
ing than an egg, we  
are told. You can't beat it.

THE Metropolitan Water  
Board's appeal for  
economy in the use of water  
is surely the appeal of a  
well-wisher.

THE Girl Guides have  
succeeded beyond ex-  
pectations with their aero-  
plane fund. They know  
how to make money fly.

ARP OPERATES like  
clockwork. Only  
its members don't strike.

### AN IDEA FOR PEACE-TIME

It is good news that there are to be no more strikes or lock-outs in war-time. The Ministry of Labour has established compulsory arbitration in all trade disputes. A special tribunal is to settle all such matters if they are not settled by existing machinery, and the settlements are to be binding on employers and employed, with heavy penalties for non-obedience.

This is as it should be, and we may venture to hope that after the war the same commonsense procedure will remain to help us in recovering from war. The C.N. has always held that a strike or lock-out is civil war on society.

#### Melt Down Your Tanks

HAS your town a tank? If so, persuade your local authorities to melt it down for Victory. The tank was invented for the defeat of Germany and it is treason for it to be idle now.

#### 371 Priests and Their Country

WE have received a pamphlet in which we read that there are 371 priests of the Church of England whose eyes are closed to the peril in which Christianity stands.

The pamphlet comes from the Anglican Pacifist Fellowship, a body concerning which we gather that small points of doctrine are of great importance to it, and that it has no energy to spare to fight the evil things which would overthrow us all.

It seems very pitiful; we may wonder what comfort these 371 priests bring to those of their flock whose fathers and brothers and sons are sacrificing all to save the faith a priest professes to serve.

#### A Moment a Day

WE were thinking here the other day of the power of one man in the world. It is worth while to think of the importance of a moment of time.

In a moment the BBC can flash a signal round the earth. In a moment a statesman can arrive at a decision which may affect the lives of millions. In one of the great moments of his life Abraham Lincoln dedicated himself to the freedom of the slave.

It has now been suggested that the nation should set aside a moment of every day to dedicate itself to the noble purposes for which we fight, a moment consecrated to God and the Freedom of Mankind. Already thousands of people are sharing a moment of silent prayer at 8.59 p.m., before the Nine o'Clock News, and no man can say what influence might not radiate from this Dedicated Moment if all our people could share in its solemnity as an act of prayer for the future of our Island and the Peace of the World. Could not the BBC be silent for this moment?

#### JUST AN IDEA

Nothing frets, somebody was saying the other day, more than a grievance of which the owner is ashamed.

## On the Heights



Evacuees from the East Coast enjoying the view from a Lakeland hilltop at Grasmere

### Three Cheers For the Police Boys

It is three years since policemen in Sydney shepherded 300 boys into a disused police station in Woolloomooloo, and the first Police Boys Club in New South Wales came into being.

For a long time the police had been worrying about the increase in juvenile crime in crowded suburbs. If we could only become friendly with these young hooligans, they thought, we might be able to make them turn over a new leaf. They realised how futile it was to keep warning the boys off the streets when they knew the lads had no companionship and no places to visit.

And so Mr W. J. McKay, Police Commissioner for New South Wales, decided as an experiment to form a club which would give these lads a chance to become decent citizens and a credit to their country. It was hard to persuade them to join, so intense was the dislike and suspicion of anything connected with the Force; but when word got round that the club had fine sporting equipment, and was going

to get football and cricket teams together (and also had a library), the membership began to grow.

Even the police were astonished at the success of their idea. Similar clubs began to spring up in suburbs and in country districts, and youthful crime began to dwindle.

The clubs are all run on a voluntary basis and are open free to boys between 12 and 18. The police work on the principle that no boy is incorrigible, whatever his record; and everything is done to encourage healthy self-development. The 16th club has just been opened and the 6000th member enrolled! As for the Woolloomooloo Club, it has 1300 members. Its proudest possessions are an impressive array of cups which its members have won in State championships for boxing and wrestling, and sailing trophies won in races on the Harbour by their 18-foot sailing boat, a gift from a city business man.

We are told from Woolloomooloo that the Police Commissioner received his inspiration from the Boys Clubs in England.

### The Keep-Fit Gospel

FITNESS and good health are not accidents that come to a few fortunate people; whether they shall be yours or not lies with you, with every boy and girl. The rules are simple and easily carried out.

Cleanliness is the keynote—clean teeth, brushed before and after meals, or at least every night; a bath a day if possible, but twice a week at least; wash after exercise; and fresh clean garments as needed.

Sleep with your windows open, and in a comfortable bed that

doesn't sag. Get out in the open air and let the sun shine on you. Fresh air and sunlight, with cleanliness, are the greatest enemies of germs and the strongest friends of health. Have plenty of exercise—walking, cycling, swimming. Drink plenty of water. Wear comfortable clothes; avoid belts and collars that bind and shoes that pinch or have high heels. Play hard, work hard, and cultivate hobbies. Stand up, shoulders even, stomach in. Finally, be cheerful and don't worry.



# What Will Happen in 25 Years?

FIFTY American scientists and engineers have been asked what changes science is likely to produce throughout the world in the next 25 years, and their ideas are interesting.

People's homes are likely to be completely revolutionised, they say. Instead of being heated by the present roundabout and wasteful way with coal or oil, they will be warmed by infra-red rays. It is now possible to focus infra-red ray lamps so accurately as to boil an egg inside a flask of water which is standing on a cake of ice. These lamps, or the high-frequency waves employed today in fever treatments, could be employed to generate warmth directly in the human body without waste of heat. In fact, men experimenting with these devices can sit in their shirt-sleeves and be warm and comfortable while the temperature of the air is as low as a refrigerator's.

## In the Kitchen

Long before the 25 years are up we may see a housewife with stockings made from coal, wearing a dress of spun glass, working in her kitchen with the windows open and the surrounding temperature 50 degrees or lower. She will be cooking with infra-red rays some mango-tomatoes raised on her water-farm. The air in all the rooms will be practically free of all soot, dust, pollen, and even bacteria, thanks to an electrostatic precipitator. Cheap ultra-violet lamps will help to keep her meat, vegetables, and other foods free from bacterial decay.

During epidemics health inspectors, instead of advising people not to form crowds, may invite them to attend mass meetings at which they will receive baths of invisible germ-destroying rays.

Within the next 25 years the colossal daily outpour of free energy from the sun is likely to be utilised in marvellous ways. There already exists a simple and cheap solar power machine which can compete with coal in generating steam, and in California there are several

hundred solar water-heaters in operation.

Thermo-couples and photo-static cells translate radiant energy, such as the sun gives us, directly into electric current. Hence the present quick advance of science may some day give us shingles or tiles in our houses which will furnish us with all the light and power we need for all our household requirements.

Solar power made available by science, at a low cost, is likely to change desert zones such as the Gobi, Sahara, Arabia, Palestine, and Australia into densely populated garden regions, and nations may then struggle, not for coal or petroleum, but for the control of the great sunlit deserts. Then a Mussolini will no more complain that when he asks for an empire he is given a desert.

Our clothing, usually derived from animal and plant products, is likely to be made of artificial mineral extracts in the near future. Last year a fibre called Nylon was made from coal. Its strands are as fine as a spider's web and as strong as steel. Another new mineral fibre is Vinyon, made from petroleum derivatives. It is unshrinkable, waterproof, fireproof, and more elastic than silk.

Certain resins from coal are taking the place of glass. Resin glass transmits ultra-violet rays which ordinary glass keeps out. Lenses and glasses made of this resin by our Imperial Chemical Industries were so strong that they could not be broken when pounded with a hammer.

## The Water-Farm

Hydroponics, or soil-less farming, which is the growing of plants in water charged with certain chemicals, has already made it possible for people to raise heavy crops of vegetables and flowers on very small areas in a few weeks, so that several crops a year can be grown.

The real world revolutions, say these scientists, are being brought about not by statesmen or dictators, but by scientists working in their laboratories.

## News From a Little Room in Sussex

*The C.N. has an old farmer friend who lives alone in one room in Sussex, but has a big heart and a mind that ranges far and wide; and we take these odd notes from one of his letters.*

My farm had too many rabbits long ago, and one day my fox terrier brought a little rabbit alive to my wife. The cat had her kittens in a box under the table, and we put the rabbit in with them and they grew up together, a happy family.

ONCE, when riding on the South Downs in the morning there was sunshine on the brows and thick fog in the valley, and my black shadow was cast on the fog. There was a circle round the shadow, with the colours of the rainbow, a grand sight to see. I stopped my horse, and I think the horse saw it also; as we moved on we saw our shadows step by step in the wonderful rainbow ring. I have only seen that once; but another time, as I came off the downs, I was in the sun and on the north was a wall of fog, on which my shadow fell. There was a very gentle breeze, and it seemed that my shadow came towards me, then back again; it was a strange feeling.

I REMEMBER being thrown from my horse on the downs with my foot caught in the stirrup, and dragged about 200 yards,

when my foot slipped out. How thankful I was then, and am now! But the wonderful thing is that the horse stopped and came back to me. It had been frightened to see something dragging, not realising that it was a man; but on my falling away it stopped after 100 yards and came back to me.

THAT horse loved me, and showed it. All the cattle on the farm will show it if they are kindly treated. I have been stroking a bullock when another bullock has driven it away and taken its place to be stroked. On the other hand, I have known bullocks to keep away when the farmer goes into the fold.

ONCE I was a great traitor to one of my bullocks. I had taken some to market at Hassocks, and our butcher at Ditchling bought two, asking my man to drive them as his man had left. As I was walking that way I drove them, which was no trouble, for all cattle know their way home. But when we got to the butcher's the bullocks would not go in, and at last I walked in and they followed me. Then I shut the door and came out like a traitor.

## GOD'S GIFT OF LIBERTY

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. This liberty of our own actions is such a fundamental privilege of human nature that God Himself, notwithstanding all His infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us that He suffers neither His providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Abraham Cowley

## We Live in Deeds

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs: he most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Philip James Bailey

## The Highest Order

THE highest Order ever instituted on the earth is the Order of Faith. Henry Ward Beecher

## THE HOME FRONT

WOULD you like to hasten peace?

Carry on!

Help to make all wars to cease?

Carry on!

German militarism smite, Slay the bogey Might is Right, In bonds of love all men unite?

Carry on! John Wray

## Praised Be the Lord

PRaised be my Lord for our brother the Wind and for Air and Cloud, calms and all weather.

Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the Earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Francis of Assisi

## FREEDOM'S MEN

THEY go where England speeds them;

They laugh and jest at Fate; They go where England needs them

And dream not they are great; And oft, 'mid smoke and smother By blinding war-storm fanned, Sons of our mighty Mother, They fall that she may stand.

William Watson

## A Prayer for the Courage to Endure

FOR our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour; and for us grant that we remain worthy of their love. Let not our beloved blush for us nor we for them. Grant us but that, and grant us courage to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

Robert Louis Stevenson

## CONSOLATION

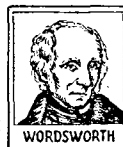
THE darkening streets about me lie,

The shame, the fret, the squalid jars;

But swallows' wings go flashing by,

And in the puddles there are stars.

F. Langbridge



# CARRY ON

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
Who every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:

Whose high endeavours are an inward light

That makes the path before him always bright.

Who, if he rise to station of command,

Rises by open means; and there will stand

On honourable terms, or else retire,

And in himself possess his own desire:

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence, a peculiar grace;

But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,

Is happy as a lover, and attired

With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;

Or if an unexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need:

He who, though thus endued as with a sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a soul whose master bias leans

To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;

Sweet images! which, where-so'er he be,

Are at his heart—and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve:

More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,

Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,

Or left unthought of in obscurity:

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,

Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one

Where what he most doth value must be won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray:

Who, not content that former worth stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,

From well to better, daily self-surpass:

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,

Or he must go to dust without his fame,

And leave a dead, unprofitable name,

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;

And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:

This is the happy warrior—this is he

That every man in arms should wish to be.

William Wordsworth

## Nothing Sweeter

SURELY there is nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him.

Homer's Odyssey

## SLAVERY

MEASURE slavery by the Golden Rule, and where is it? . . .

It stands in the way of that automatic instinct of progress which is eternal in the human race and irresistible in human history.

Theodore Parker



Exeter Cathedral, showing one of its massive Norman towers and the West Front adorned with over sixty sculptured figures of Bible characters and Early English kings.



## THE TAXPAYER'S PART IN THE FIGHT

No man could fail to be impressed by the stupendous figures mentioned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Emergency Budget.

In April, when the normal Budget was introduced, it was estimated that the year's war expenditure would amount to £2000,000,000, forty millions a week; but the cost has increased to half as much again.

So the Chancellor had to anticipate the spending of the huge sum of £3467,000,000 this year, £2200,000,000 more than the taxes would bring in. Consequently he has raised the old taxes and imposed a new one, whereby he expects to obtain £125,800,000 during the present financial year and about £239,000,000 in a full year. Even these huge figures seem small against the balance, which he hopes to raise by loans from the savings of all those whose incomes have risen during the war, or who are able to save by giving up luxuries.

The chief changes from the April Budget are the raising of the income tax by 1s 3d in the pound on the first £165 of taxable income and by 1s on the rest, while the surtax will now be 2s on incomes of £2000 up to 9s 6d for all with over £20,000 a year. Our richest people will pay to the State 18s out of every pound.

Indirect taxation includes another penny a pint on beer, two shillings more a pound on tobacco, higher duties on wines, and an increase in the Entertainment Tax.

The new tax will be known as the Purchase Tax, and will be at the rate of one-third on the whole-sale prices of luxury and unnecessary articles during wartime, and one-sixth on many other goods, including newspapers and books. It was the inclusion of books which raised the only voices of protest against the provisions of this Budget in Parliament, and the C.N. agrees with the protest. It is monstrous to tax books and papers, for it is a tax on knowledge.

## New York Begins to Think

THE most populous city in the world is already taking steps to safeguard its citizens against attack from the air.

It happens that in its Board of Disaster Control the City of New York has a body fully prepared to plan the vast organisation required for civilian defence. The Board was set up when a hurricane struck the city in September 1938 and deprived the three million inhabitants of the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx of power and light, rendered thousands homeless, and destroyed nearly 600 lives. It was a great disaster that was only dwarfed as world news by the Munich negotiations which were then taking place.

The Board obtained its funds for the alleviation of the disaster, which affected all the coast north of Cape Hatteras, from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, created with a capital of £100,000,000 in 1932.

The plan for safeguarding New York resembles in some ways that for London and other British cities. It provides for the mobilisation within four hours of 87,000 able-bodied city workers, the provision of air-raid shelters, and, if need be, the evacuation of women, children, and invalids.

One interesting feature is the mobile air purifying equipment for use in subways and tunnels in which large numbers of people are likely to shelter.



**Watchers of the Skies**

Models being used to instruct members of the Observer Corps in the identification of planes

## Jonathan in Search of a Father

AMERINDINS is the name given in the United States for the primeval race of North America, and the search is being prosecuted for relics of them, from the Aleutian Islands to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is one of the disappointments of American prehistorians and geologists that, though the State of Wyoming alone reveals dinosaurs millions of years old, no other region can produce an early Stone Age Man, or any man as early as, for example, Benjamin Harrison's coliths at Ightham in Kent. But

of late two fossil men (the Folsom man from the small village of Folsom in New Mexico and the Sandia man from the Albuquerque Mountains, also in New Mexico) have entered the lists as men of the later Stone Age who fashioned flint javelins like short bayonets with grooves. It is now asserted that these early Amerindians came from South America, where their forefathers were much nearer the early Stone Age and were contemporary with the first native horse and the giant sloth.

## Let Us Forget Bad Things

The monument erected in 1902 by Lord Curzon to the victims in the Black Hole of Calcutta is to go, and a good thing too. No moral purpose is served by the perpetuation of such ghastly events as this, and it would be a good thing if the gibbets and other relics of a barbarous past should be removed from our countryside.

It was the Moslem Premier of Bengal who announced the removal in the Assembly the other day, declaring that the monument was an affront to India.

Perhaps, while they are about it, the Bengal Government will remove the railings and the marble slab which mark the site of the cell in Fort William where the 123 Europeans perished. These railings might be used for munitions against a tyrant as cruel and cunning as Suraj-ad-Dowlah himself.

## THE BOYS AND THE WEEDS

This is what the boys of Tonbridge School have been doing to help.

A five-acre crop of wheat and a two-acre crop of roots have been saved; each crop before the work was tackled was invisible, covered by a vast mass of yellow and white weeds.

The time spent on the work was not less than 1200 hours, carried out by parties of boys varying in numbers from 30 to 120 and working for three to four hours at a time. Large numbers were essential, each boy or group of boys working on a line from one end of the field to the other, and some care was needed not to damage the crop in removing the weed.

Payment for the work by the farmers was made through the Tonbridge Land Club, and what the boys have earned is divided between the Red Cross and Tonbridge School's boys' clubs in St Pancras.

## Bacon and Eggs

"Bacon and eggs," declared Thomas Carlyle on an occasion when his doctor forbade them, "bacon and eggs I have had for breakfast for 40 years, and bacon and eggs I will have till I die."

Today he might have found himself rationed by the Food Controller, but there are still 3,750,000 pigs and 63,000,000 poultry in the country.

The important question of the moment is how to feed them, as well as how far we may feed on them; and this is bound up with the other question of food salvage. Food thrown away into the dustbins amounts to half a million tons in a year. Tottenham collects 25 tons of food scraps weekly, and East Ham 13 tons in one week, and all this, after being collected, can be and is being in some quarters sterilised and ground down into meal for pigs and poultry, which thrive on it.

Their waste meal makes a meal of eggs and bacon for us.

## From Our Postbag

From West China University

I like the C.N. better than any paper I have had. It is just right for our students and is always in use. Quite frequently our mail arrives out of chronological order, but that does not matter so much with the C.N., for this newspaper is timeless.

From a Friend in Surrey

Copies of the C.N. are sent out regularly to Beru on the Gilbert Islands, where they are used in the mission school and are very much appreciated by the missionaries themselves.

## THE NORTHERN CROSS Its Myriads of Far-Distant Suns

THE Northern Cross of the heavens, writes the C.N. astronomer, is now almost overhead in the evening, and its bright stars may be easily identified notwithstanding the Moon's presence; but when there is no moonlight the full glory of this region will be apparent, particularly if glasses or a telescope be used to peer into those superb depths of space.

For there are many millions of suns and doubtless countless worlds in that illimitable beyond that extends for the whole length of this grand celestial Cross. On a clear dark night the light, which has been for many thousands of years reaching us, can be clearly seen with the naked eye in streams and patches of filmy radiance that tells, when analysed, of celestial realms of such marvel and mystery that our Earth becomes by comparison but an insignificant speck that would not be missed from the grand scheme of celestial glory that encircles us.

This Northern Cross, as it has been called since early Christian times, is formed out of the chief stars of the constellation of Cygnus, the Swan, which for nearly 3000 years has been presented as flying with outstretched wings across the heavens, the star Beta representing the Head.

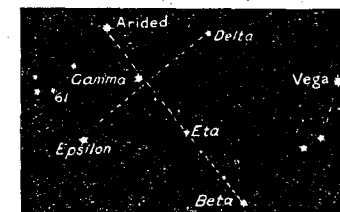
### Arided the Giant

Brilliant Arided, also known as Alpha in Cygnus, appears almost as bright as Vega, which is seen to the right or west of the Cross when the observer faces south. Arided is actually very much brighter than Vega and is a giant sun of such colossal magnitude that it radiates about 10,000 times more light than our Sun; whereas Vega radiates only about 50 times more.

It is curious that so superb a stellar jewel should for so many hundreds of years have been regarded as the Head of the Cross and emblem of all that is best in mankind, yet it was not until the

last few years that the glory and magnitude of Arided have become known. Arided is about 41,200,000 times farther away than our Sun, its light taking 651 years to reach us. Light from Vega takes but 27 years, and this accounts for the greater apparent brilliance of this much nearer and smaller sun.

Beta at the Foot of the Cross has a similar history, for though it has occupied the position of both the Feet of Christ on the Cross since early Christian times, it was



The chief stars of the Northern Cross in relation to Vega

not until the last hundred years or so that it was found to be composed of two stellar jewels. One is a giant sun of a golden hue at about 1000 light-years distant, while the other, a smaller sun of a rich bluish tint, is about 350 light-years' journey away from us; yet they both appear as one star even through powerful glasses, but are revealed as two in a small telescope.

Gamma is another immense sun of great brilliance, radiating 1600 times more light than our Sun, but from a distance 25,632,000 times farther away; so its light must take about 405 years to reach us. Epsilon is but 78 light-years distant and radiates about 40 times more light than our Sun. Delta is about 86 light-year's journey away and radiates nearly 40 times more; it is known to have at least one great world which revolves round it once in 321 years and is a world still in the fiery state of its existence.

G. F. M.

## More Green Acres For London

THE branch of the Grand Union Canal which runs to a basin behind Albany Street in the borough of St Pancras is to be filled in, and the section which lies in the north of Regent's Park will be added to its green spaces.

The main canal enters the park a few yards east of the London Zoo, so that children who go to see the animals will still be able to watch the barges plying below the elephant houses.

A strong enclosing wall will be built where the branch runs off and many tons of rubble and earth will be thrown into the deep cut in which the branch of the canal flows for 1230 yards. About four acres will thus be added to the park, while a greater area behind the famous cavalry barracks in Albany

Street will be used for building purposes.

Already L.C.C. flats stand on the wharves at which, until ten years ago, barges unloaded their goods—coal, timber, and stone for London merchants and other supplies for the Cumberland Market which it served for a hundred years. The wharves were busy places indeed and of great value to London in the decades before the railways came and established their goods yards not far away.

Now that more space will be available for cricket and other games, it is interesting to recall that it was the construction of the canal in 1820 that forced Thomas Lord to surrender his cricket pitch here and move west to the famous ground which carries on his name.

## Cambridgeshire on Its King's England Book

I MOST readily confess that it is a long time since I read a more interesting volume. Apart from being an excellent guide to the most attractive of the many features of Fenland, it is a valuable contribution to the historical records of the county.

Wisbech Standard

This is the latest book in the King's England series. I only wish I possessed the lot, having just read the Cambridgeshire one. As was to be expected from Arthur Mee, the book is not a mere guide-book, but the story of a county which includes all that is best in its history, and misses nothing of its romance. It tells us all about the past history and present impor-

tance of 150 towns and villages. To complete the pleasure given by this unique book there are 106 lovely pictures. The publishers have every reason to be proud of this volume, the editor has certainly added to his laurels, and every purchaser will, I am sure, be grateful for many hours of pleasure in reading it.

Herts and Cambs Reporter

There is little of historical, architectural, or geographical interest in Cambridgeshire that has escaped the net of Mr Arthur Mee's investigators, and Cambridgeshire is a pleasing addition to the King's England series.

John O'London's Weekly



August 10, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

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# THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

## PART ONE

## Charles Reade's Immortal Story Told in Two Instalments

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century when our tale begins.

Eli and Catherine his wife lived in the little town of Tergou, in Holland. He traded in cloth and leather, and the couple were well to do. Nine children were born to them; four of these were set up in trade, one, Giles, was a dwarf, another, little Catherine, was a cripple. Cornelis, the eldest, and Sybrandt, the youngest, lived at home, too lazy to work, waiting for dead men's shoes.

### The Meeting

THERE remained young Gerard, a son apart and distinct, destined for the Church. The monks taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day they discovered he was teaching them. Then Gerard took to illuminating on vellum, and in this he was helped by an old lady, Margaret Van Eyck, sister of the famous brothers Van Eyck. When Philip the Good, Count of Flanders, offered prizes for the best specimens of painting on glass and illumination on vellum Gerard decided to compete. He sent in his specimens, and his mother furnished him with a crown to go to Rotterdam and see the work of his competitors and the prize distribution.

It was as he was nearing the city that Gerard found an old man sitting by the roadside, quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand. The old man wore a gown and a fur tippet and a velvet cap; but

the gown was rusty, and the fur old. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth, yet snow-white lawn covered her neck.

"Father, I fear you are tired," said Gerard bashfully.

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man; "and faint for lack of food."

The girl whispered, "Father, a stranger—a young man!" But Gerard was already gathering sticks for a fire. This done, he took down his wallet, and brought out his tinder-box and an iron flask his careful mother had put in.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster of Tergou, an old man redolent of wealth, came riding by while Gerard was preparing a meal of soup and bread by the roadside. He reined in his steed and spoke uneasily. "Why, Peter—Margaret—what mummery is this?" Then, seeing Gerard, he cast a look of suspicion on Margaret and rode on. The wayfarers did not know that more than half the wealth of the burgomaster belonged to old Peter Brandt, now dependent on Gerard for his soup; but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried it in his heart, a scorpion of remorse that was not penitence.

### The Mischief Maker

FROM that hour Gerard was in love with Margaret, and now began a pretty trouble. For at Rotterdam, thanks to a letter from Margaret Van Eyck, Gerard won the favour of the Princess Marie, who, hearing that he was to be a priest, promised him a benefice.

And yet no sooner was Gerard returned home to Tergou than he must needs go seeking Margaret, who lived alone with her father, old Peter Brandt, at Sevenbergen. Ghysbrecht's one fear was that if Gerard married Margaret the youth would sooner or later get to hear about certain documents in the burgomaster's possession, documents which established Brandt's right to lands held by the burgomaster, and which old Peter had long forgotten.

So Ghysbrecht went to Eli and Catherine and showed them a picture Gerard had made of Margaret Brandt, and said that if

gave them news of their son. "Many a weary league we trod together," said Denys. "Never were truer comrades; never will be while earth shall last. First, I left my route a bit to be with him, then he his to be with me. We talked of Sevenbergen and Tergou a thousand times, and of all in this house. We had our troubles on the road, but battling them together made them light. I saved his life from a bear, he mine in the Rhine; for he swims like a duck, and I like a hod o' bricks; and we saved one another's lives at an inn in Burgundy, where we two held a room for a good hour against seven cut-throats, and crippled one and slew two; and your son met the stoutest champion I ever encountered, and spitted him like a sucking-pig, else I had not been here. And at our sad parting, soldier though I be, these eyes did rain salt, scalding tears, and so did his, poor soul. His last word to me was: Go, comfort Margaret! So here I be."

Margaret had removed to Rotterdam, and there was no love lost between her and Catherine; but Gerard's letter drew them to a reconciliation, and from that day Catherine treated Margaret as her own daughter, and made much of Gerard's child when it was born. Eli agreed with his son Richard, now a wealthy merchant, that Gerard must be bidden return home on the instant, for they longed to see him, and as he was married to Margaret it were useless any further strife in the matter.

### The Forged Letter

BUT Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster, knew by now that Gerard had obtained the parchment relating to Peter Brandt's lands, and was anxious that Gerard should not return. Cornelis and Sybrandt were also against their brother, and willing to aid the burgomaster in any diabolical adventure. So a letter was concocted, and Margaret Van Eyck's signature forged to it,

and in this letter it was said that Margaret Brandt was dead.

In the meantime Gerard had reached Rome. The ship he sailed in was wrecked off the coast between Naples and Rome, and here Gerard was nearly drowned. He and a Dominican friar clung to a mast when the ship had struck. It was a terrible situation; one moment they saw nothing, and seemed down in a mere basin of watery hills; the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms to encourage them.

### To Rome

WHEN they had tumbled along thus a long time, suddenly the friar said quietly to Gerard: "I touched the ground."

"Impossible, father," said Gerard. "We are more than a hundred yards from shore. Prythee, leave not our faithful mast."

"My son," said the friar, "you speak prudently. But know that I have business of Holy Church on hand, and may not waste time floating, when I can walk in her service. There, I felt it with my toes again! Thy stature is less than mine; keep to the mast; I walk." He left the mast accordingly, and, extending his powerful arms, rushed through the water. Gerard soon followed him. At each overpowering wave the monk stood like a tower, and threw his head back to encounter it, then emerged and ploughed lustily on. At last they came close to the shore, and then the natives sent stout fishermen into the sea, holding by long spears, and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives, and went on to Rome.

Gerard grasped every hand upon the beach. They brought him to an enormous fire, and fetched clothes for him to wear.

Next day Gerard reached the Eternal City.

TO BE CONTINUED

## BEDTIME CORNER

### The Ship of Dreams

WHEN the world is fast asleep,  
Along the midnight skies,  
As though it were a wandering cloud,  
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,  
An angel stands at the prow,  
And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side  
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,  
Pilot and helmsman are;  
And the angel with the wreath of rue  
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,  
They fall on young and old:  
And some are dreams of poverty,  
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,  
And some that melt to tears;  
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,  
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,  
Alike on young and old,  
Bringing to slumbering earth  
their joys  
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do  
The deeds of mighty men,  
And drooping age shall feel the grace  
Of buoyant youth again.

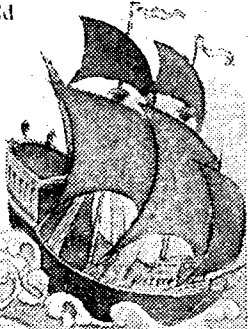
The king shall be a beggar-man,  
The pauper be a king,  
In that revenge or recompense  
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams  
That are for all and me;  
And there is never mortal man  
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course  
Along the haunted skies,  
As though it were a cloud astray,  
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns  
Pilot and helmsman are;  
And an angel with a wreath of rue  
Tosseth the dreams afar.

Eugene Field



## STAY PUT and STICK IT

Eli ordered it his son should be locked up until he came to his senses. Henceforth there was no longer any peace in the little house at Tergou, and at last Eli declared before the whole family that he had ordered the burgomaster to imprison his son Gerard in the Stadt-house rather than let him marry Margaret.

Gerard turned pale at this, and his father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before this year is out."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. And the day I see the burgomaster come for me I leave Tergou for ever, and Holland too, and my father's house, where it seems I am valued only for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room white with anger.

"There!" cried Catherine. "That comes of driving young folk too hard."

Gerard went to his good friend Margaret Van Eyck, who advised him to go to Italy, where painters were honoured like princes, and to take the girl he loved with him. Ten golden angels she gave him besides to take him to Rome.

Gerard decided to marry Margaret Brandt at once, and a day or two later they stood before the altar at Sevenbergen Church. But the ceremony was never concluded, though Gerard got a certificate from the priest, for Ghysbrecht, getting wind of what was afoot, sent his servants, who carried Gerard off to the burgomaster's prison. In the room where he was confined were various documents, which the prisoner got hold of.

Gerard escaped from the prison, and vowing he had done with Tergou, bade farewell to Margaret and set off for Italy. Once across the frontier in Germany he was safe from Ghysbrecht's malice. He also had the piece of parchment which gave certain lands to Peter Brandt, hitherto held by Ghysbrecht.

### News of Gerard

It is likely Gerard would never have reached Rome but for his faithful comrade Denys, a soldier making his way home to Burgundy, whom he met early on the road.

The pair trudged on, and Denys enlivened the weary way. He chattered about battles and sieges, and things which were new to Gerard; and he was one of those who make little incidents wherever they go.

But the time came for parting, and Denys, with a letter from Gerard to Margaret Brandt, reached Tergou, and found Eli and Catherine and

## Wonderful Facts About You

### 21. The Speed of the Brain's Working

Helmholtz found that sensations are transmitted to the brain with a rapidity of about 180 feet a second, or one-sixth the rate of sound, and that the brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves, though this varies considerably in different individuals and at different times. The time required to transmit an order to the muscles by the motor nerves is nearly the same as that required by the nerves of sensation to pass a sensation; moreover, nearly rooth of a second passes before the muscles are put in motion. The whole operation of sensation, thought, and action, therefore, requires a mere fraction of a second.

### 22. The Marvellous Ball and Socket

The arm or leg can be moved in any direction because it is attached to the trunk by a ball and socket joint. Covering the bones at the joint is a layer of cartilage which is kept constantly lubricated by a fluid, so that the friction is reduced to almost nothing. So the joint works with perfect ease. Unlike a

steel machine, the human machine produces its own lubricating fluid.

### 23. The Wonderful Heart

The heart beats at the rate of 100,000 strokes every 24 hours. Each ventricle contains at least one ounce of blood, and as the heart contracts 4000 times in an hour it follows that there passes through the heart every hour 4000 fluid ounces (350 pounds) of blood. The whole mass of blood is said to be about 25 pounds, so that a quantity equal to the whole mass of blood passes through the heart fourteen times in an hour, or about once in every four minutes.

### 24. The Wonder of the Body's Temperature

The temperature of the human body remains at 98 degrees Fahrenheit, both at the Tropics and at the Poles, as well as in the Temperate regions of the earth. No external temperature affects it, and the heat of the body is caused by the combustion of the carbon and the hydrogen supported by the oxygen. A man breathes in every year about 7 cwts of oxygen, and about a fifth of this burns some constituent and produces heat.

**MARIE ELISABETH**

**REALLY ARE SARDINES!**

Delicious with Green Salad.



